Fal. You rogue, heeres lime in this ſacke too, there is nothing but rogery to be foūd in villanous man, yet a coward is worſe then a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villanous coward, Go thy waies old ſacke, die whē thou wilt, if māhood, good māhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhangd in England, & one of them is fat, & growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I ſay, I would I were a weauer, I could ſing pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of al cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now, Wolſack, what mutter you?

Fal. A kings ſon? if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdome with a dagger of lath, & driue all thy ſubiectes afore thee like a flock of wildegeeſe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

Prin. Why you horſon round man, whats the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwere me to that, and Poines there.

Poin. Zounds yee fat paunch, and ye cal me coward, by the Lord, Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile ſee thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thouſand pounde I could runne as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſholders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue mee them that will face me; giue me a cup of ſacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Pri. O villaine, thy lips are ſcarſe wipt ſince thou drunkſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. *He drinketh.*
A plague of al cowards ſtil ſay I.

Pri. Whats the matter?

Fal. Whats the matter? here be foure of vs haue tane a thouſand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it? Iacke, where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vppon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe ſword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by my racke. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my

my buckler cut through and t
hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I neuer c
would not doe. A plague of al
ſpeake more or leſſe then truth
of darkneſſe.

Gad. Speake, ſirs, how was it

Roſs. We foure ſet vpon ſo

Falſt. Sixteene, at leaſt, my

Roſs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were no

Fal. You rogue they were b
am a Iew elſe, and I brew Iew.

Roſs. As we were ſharing, ſ

Fal. And vnbound the reſt, a

Prince What, fought yee wit

Fal. All? I know not wha
with fifty of them, I am a bunch
two or three and fifty vpon po
leg'd creature.

Prince. Pray God, you haue

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praing
thē. Two I am ſure I haue paye
I tel thee what, Hal, if I tell the
horſe: thou knoweſt my olde w
my point; foure rogues in buck

Prin. What, foure? thou ſaid'

Fal Foure, Hal, I told thee fo

Poines I, I, he ſaid foure.

Fal. Theſe foure came all afr
I made no more adoe, but tooke
get, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were

Fal In buckrom.

Poines I, foure, in buckrom ſu

Fal. Seuen, by theſe hiltes, o

Prin Pre thee let him alone, w

Fal. Doeſt thou heare me Ha

Prin. I, and marke thee too, Ia

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